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The First Turkish Bible

Somewhere about the year 1650, a Turkish official named Ali Bey, with the advice of a Dutch gentleman living at Constantinople, translated the New Testament into Turkish. Whether he did this out of mere love for literary work, or because he thought it would benefit his people to read the Bible, is not clear.

He gave the finished manuscript to his Dutch friend, and he, not knowing what else to do with it, sent it to the University at Leyden, in hope that it would be published there. But it was put into the library of the University as a curiosity,

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which it certainly was, and lay there forgotten for about one hundred and fifty years.

Then a Russian nobleman, who had been in Turkey, chanced to rummage among the treasures of the library, and discovered this manuscript. He at once made known his discovery, and tried to get it published for circulation in Turkey.

By this time the British and Foreign Bible Society had been formed. And so it came about that the first Turkish version of the New Testament, published for that Society at Paris in 1819, was the work of a Mohammedan, revised and improved by Russian and French scholars. This version was imperfect, and was very quickly revised. But that first version has always been in the hands of later translators.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Won Back

(Frank H. Sweet, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

The minister sighed deeply as he folded the letter he had been reading and replaced it in his pocket. The sorrows of his people were his own, and his was very grievous. It seemed hard that shoulders already bowed under the weight of others' sins should be further burdened. It might be that good would come from it; but the way was dark, and he could not seem to make it light.

The fire burned merrily in the open grate of his study, and he could hear the storm beating against the house and among the branches outside. But neither affected him just now. He was holding this new burden of sin from his parishioner, and was very loath for it to be delivered.

But at last he rose with a sigh, and, putting on his overcoat, went out into the storm.

Mrs. Bain was knitting beside her kitchen fireplace when he entered. He usually found her there, always knitting, always cheerful, always companionable. He could not remember when he had gone away from her homely little kitchen without feeling cheered and strengthened.

'Have you heard from Nelly lately?' he asked, as he took the chair she indicated with one of her needles.

'Oh, yes! twice every week. Nelly's good about writin'. You must excuse my not gettin' up, Parson; it's my rheumatiz. It's week down an' week up, as I say. I jest sit here an' look at the fire an' knit an' read my letters. They're sech a comfort to me. Next week I'll likely be up agin.'

'But how do you get on with your housework?' with manifest concern in his voice. 'You ought not to live here alone.'

'Oh, Mrs. Smith's Jenny across the field comes now an' again to do my chorin'. She feeds the poultry, an' does a little cookin' under my tellin'; an' she brings in wood an' lays it on the h'ath close by so I can reach an' throw it on the fire. I get along fust rate, Parson,' cheerfully. 'But about Nelly. You jest ought to read some o' her letters. She's been put to the silk counter an' gets seven dollars a week, an' two of' em comes to me, an' two goes reg'lar into her school box, as she calls it. When she gets two hundred she's goin' to the conservater an' study music an' the pianner. She's desprit set on the pianner, Nelly is.'

'Yes, Nelly is a fine girl,' the minister said, warmly. 'She will make her mark some day. You have reason to be proud of her, Mrs. Bain.

'Well, I s'pose I be proud on her,' the old woman admitted, beamingly. 'An' Nelly, she's jest as good as she is fine. Some folks don't set much on prayin' for every day things, but me an' Nelly counts it helps us on in this world jest as much as in the next. But as I was a sayin', Parson, you jest ought to read some o' her letters. I declar' for't, I laugh an' cry, an' laugh an' cry, whilst I read 'em, she has that way o' tellin' things. She pays two an' a half dollars for board, an' that leaves her jest fifty cents a week for clothes an' spendin' money. It's amazin' how she twists an' contrives to keep inside the allowance. She does her own washin' an' ironin' by night, an' does all her sewin' and' hat fixin' an' sech. La, Parson, you jest ought to read some o' her letters—but you couldn't, you know, for Nelly's real pirtic'lar who knows things. She want me to come an' live with her, but I sez no, wait till she's through with the conservater an' pianner, an' gets to teachin'. Money won't be so called for then. Besides, it's better for me to stay here an' raise chickens an' turkeys, an' look after the apples an' pears an' things. It's better payin' than to rent.' Her needles clicked more energetically for a few moments; then she paused and looked at him with eager anticipation in her eyes.

'I don't mind tellin' you, Parson,' she said, lowering her voice, 'that I'm puttin' by a little now an' agin for that same conservater. Nelly ain't a notion o' what I'm doin', but when that two hundred o' hers is earned up I wouldn't be a mite s'prised if I had another two hundred to keep the conservater agoin'. I declare, I'm uncommon blessed.'

The minister coughed and began to drum nervously upon the arms of the old-fashioned chair in which he was sitting Presently he took a letter from an inside pocket and placed it upon his knee. It remained there a few moments, then he picked it up and slipped it back undecidedly.

'From a friend?' asked the old woman, sociably.

'Well—no; not exactly. Heard from Harry lately?'

'Not very. Harry ain't much of a hand

to write. I've got the letter I showed you Thanksgivin'; said he was busy an' had a scheme on hand to make consider'ble money durin' the winter, an' that he wouldn't be home 'fore spring. 'Twon't be long now.'

'You sent him some money?'

'Y-e-s,' answered the old woman, reluctantly, 'twenty dollars. He was needin' some warm clothes for winter.'

'And yet Harry is twenty-seven years old,' said the minister, gravely. 'You gave him a good education and good trade. He ought to be able to earn his own livin.'

'He's had consider'ble bad luck, Harry has,' and as the needles once more began to click energetically, her eyes moved from the work to his face with a troubled, anxious expression. 'But he writ he was doin' pretty well, an' that he was expectin' to make money an' come home in the spring. Dear child! we'll all be glad to see him. Harry used to be wild an' careless, Parson, like—like Tom an' Wilbur—but I think he's been steadyin' down some lately. You knew Tom an' Wilbur?'

'Tom and I went to the same school.'

'Yes, I remember now. Poor Tom!'

'I think Harry's steadyin' down some lately,' she repeated after a few moments, softly. 'His letter said so. An' then there's Nelly. I used to be almost afraid to look ahead. But 'tain't so now. The good Lord makes up for all the trouble an' waitin' we meet.'

The minister rose hastily. It was not easy to lead to the communication he wished to make. The depth was too abysmal.

'I had a letter—about Harry this afternoon,' he began, desperately. 'It was written by the—the sheriff who captured him. Harry's arm was broken, so he could not write. I would have kept it from you if I could have seen my way to it,' as he noted her whitening face, 'but I felt that you would like to know the worst.'

'Yes, I would like to know the worst,' she said, steadily. 'Let me have the letter.'

He gave it to her and then walked to a window, gazing out across the shifting snow, but seeing nothing save the white, stricken face bending over the letter.

Five minutes passed—ten—then he turned back into the room. She was sitting there, gazing stonily into the fire, but with her lips moving in inaudible prayer.

'Can?—is there anything I can do?' he asked, feeling how weak and inadequate were words in the face of such grief.

'No, only go away. I want to be alone now. I shall be all right. Jenny will be over to do the chorin' after a while.'

As he crossed the room he noticed that she was already oblivious of his presence, and before he closed the door softly behind him he heard her say: 'Two thousand dollars, an' if it's paid they won't prosecute. Poor Harry! The old place ain't worth it, but I'll write to Nelly.'

A few weeks later a young man was sitting in a cell, two or three hundred miles away, gazing gloomily into a prison corridor through the bars of his cell door. He was strongly built and handsome, but with a reckless dissipated face, which just now was shadowed by his thoughts.

'Oh, well, it don't matter now whether I made a mistake or not,' he at length cried impatiently. 'Maybe they're not to blame. But wait till I get out,' his answer flaming up, 'won't I get even with the man who sent me here. Maybe I can't do much, but I can try to square up that account. Hello, who's there?' as a key suddenly grated in his door.

He stood up as the door swung open and two women entered. One of them walked with a crutch.

'Why—mother! Nelly!' he gasped, after the first stare of bewilderment. 'You here?'

The crutch rattled to the floor.

'Oh, Harry! my boy! my boy!' and involuntarily he opened his arms and received her, and felt a strange tremor of mingled tenderness and consternation as her arms encircled his neck and her cheek pressed against his 'My boy! my little one!' she whisepered, softly, 'it is two years since I saw you—two whole years, Harry. We would have come sooner after readin' your letter—an' by the way, you ought to have written to me, your own mother, instead of to the minister—but I had the rheumatiz, an' I had to write to Nelly, an' then there was the place to sell.'

'The place to sell!' he echoed, stepping back and looking from one to the other inquiringly. 'Not the old farm?'

'Yes,' beamingly, 'we had nothin' else to raise money by. There's the two thousand dollars, you know, Harry.'

'But the place wouldn't bring half that.'

'No, it only brought nine hundred. But Nelly had a hundred an' fifty saved up for her music, an' I had a hundred and fifty saved up for Nelly. An' then we sold the old pianner for a hundred, an' there was the furnitoor an 'hay an' farm tools an' poultry. They all fetched four hundred more. That made seventeen.'

'Why, mother, I—I—' Harry's face was working convulsively now, and he paused to choke back something in his throat. 'I never meant the letter—that way. I never dreamed of anyone trying to raise the money. I knew you didn't have it, and there was nobody else. I had the letter written to the minister out of mere bravado. The last time I saw him he gave me a lot of advice, and reminded me that I used to be his model Sunday-school scholar. In my letter I said I was the scholar graduated. It was mean, but he oughtn't to have lectured me.'

'He did it because he was your friend, Harry. Let me tell you something. I didn't say anything to him about the house, but after seein' the letter, of course he knew what it was sold for. He was over at the sale an' found out from Nelly how much we got. That afternoon I had a letter with three hundred dollars in it. There wasn't no name, but I knew the handwritin', an' a note said that Harry could pay it back when he got able. Why, Harry boy! what's the matter? You mustn't be so upset,' for he had thrown himself upon the bed and was now sobbing unrestrainedly.

'I—I thought everybody had gone back on me, mother. I knew you loved me because—because you were my mother, but I believed you despised me in your heart. And now you have given up everything for me, and Nelly has given up everything, and the minister has helped. Oh, mother, I am not worthy! Why did you do it?—the dear old place, and Nelly's piano, and—and everything!'

'Harry!' with sudden indignation in her voice, 'don't let me ever hear you say that ag'in. You're more to Nelly an' me than everything else in the world. What do we care for the farm an' things as long as we have you. An' I don't b'leeve the minister'll even think of his three hundred dollars ag'in, if it helps get you back. But come along, deary. Don't let's stay in this awful place no longer. Things are all fixed up, an 'a man said there wa'nt nothin' more to hinder you goin' with us. There, there, deary; don't take on so. It's all right now.' She stroked his head in a chiding, distressed sort of way, and at length tried to force the blanket from his face.

'Come, deary, let's get away from this place. You belong to us now.'

He lifted his head suddenly, but instead of rising to his feet as she expected, he slipped down upon his knees beside the small bed.

'Come, mother; kneel down with me and hear what I wish to say. I haven't prayed since I was a little boy with you—long, long ago.'

Then, 'Oh, God! be with me now, and give me the strength I need. Help me, for Christ's sake, to devote my life to these dear ones, and to doing some good in return for the good that has been done to me. Amen.'

The Prodigal

A young man, a member of the Life Saving Service, was one night patrolling his lonely beat under the starlit skies. He, alone, was awake. The silence was solemn and oppressive.

In the past he had enjoyed a good home and a praying mother. Now these all lay behind him, and he realized that he was out in a desert land, soul-starved, like the prodigal. His sacred promise given his mother on her death-bed, that he would seek the only safe paths, under the guidance of the strong Helper, had been broken. He realized in the silence and loneliness, that he was a lost sinner, far from the Father's house of grace. He could never find his way home in the darkness his sins had brought upon him.

Then he remembered that his mother used to pray. Memory brought with vivid distinctness many a hard place from which she had been delivered by a prayer-hearing God. Dared he appeal to this slighted, insulted Jesus?

Thanks to his well-instructed childhood, he knew that along the world's highway there was a cross, where divine Love and perfect Purity paid the penalty of a broken law. His heart melted. There, in his lonely beat, he fell on his knees in the dust. 'Father,' he cried, 'Father which art in heaven, help me to return to thee! I am tired of the wilderness wanderings of sin; take me into sonship.'

The answer was not delayed. Light, not from star or moon, but from the face of a reconciled Father, illumed his soul, and he was at peace. The Holy Spirit had put a sudden impulse in his heart, and following it he arose and came to his Father.—'S.S. Lesson Illustrator.'

From Madeira came the report that the ships bound to South Africa which touched there in one week carried over five million dollars' worth of liquor. The Boer war was bad, the Filipino war a bad blot, but—the liquor assault is worse than anything that can be done with swords and guns.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Hero of Trenton

(The Rev. Henry Lewis, in 'Onward.')

When the railway company first decided to plant a town site at Trenton, quite a number of people bought town lots with the usual enterprise of folks 'out West,' and built houses, stores, and workshops, expecting that the place would develop into a town of respectable size. In this they were disappointed—it never rose to the dignity of having even a station-house and telegraph office. There was just a platform and small freight shed where the trains stopped to let off and take on passengers and baggage. Some left the place in disgust; others, who had their little all invested in their property there, stayed and did the best they could. Among the latter was John Kendricks. He had come out to the West, hoping its clear, bracing climate would help his asthma. He had bought a farm, which he rented, and built a boarding-house with a livery-stable, hoping thus by these means to rear his family in decency.

Mrs. Kendricks was a hard-working, thrifty, godly woman. She strove hard to train her two children, a boy and a girl, in the right way. The eldest, a boy of about seventeen years old, was a great help and comfort to his mother, in fact, as the father was an invalid, the main work of house and livery stable devolved upon Joey Kendricks and his mother. Joey had come to feel very early in life that much depended upon him for the welfare of the home.

There was a class of young people in Trenton whose ideas of life were not very high; perhaps, had the place been more prosperous, had there been more life in the little village, the youth of the place would have had more ambition, but both village and people seemed to have resigned themselves to a sleepy way of drifting through life.

One of the chief events every day was the passing by of the mail express, which landed a passenger now and again. To witness this, a group of young men and boys generally found their way daily to the railway platform, and for a time propped themselves up with the little shed. Here they would indulge in various remarks and jokes about nearly everybody and everything that came in sight. If the train happened to be a little late, they would twit the engine-driver and tell him to 'give the old hoss more oats.' If there were not many passengers on board they would tease the conductor about 'having had an upset and spilled most of his load.' When the train was gone they would generally adjourn to the blacksmith's shop to finish the rest of the afternoon in all kinds of gossip and story-tellings, sometimes of not a very elevating nature.

With this company Joey Kendricks had no affinity. They nicknamed him 'Mother's Joey,' but no one wondered at that, because they had a nickname for everybody. Even the minister who came to the village to preach did not escape. They nicknamed each other and called themselves 'the chain-gang,' and counted all this as smart.

Joey, however, was never, by them or anyone else, considered to be even a link in the 'chain.' He always found enough to do in the stable, house, and garden to keep him busy.

It happened one day that a farmer stopped at Kendricks' to dinner. He had a couple of turkeys in a coop, which he was taking away on the train that day. He asked Joey to take them down to the platform for him while he did a little business in the village.

When Joey arrived at the platform he found the 'chain-gang' there in full force. At once remarks and jokes were being made at Joey's expense. Joey just smiled and let them go on. In a little time the farmer came along. There were with him two gentlemen, whom Joey had not seen before.

'Well, Joey, you are at the post of duty with the turkeys,' remarked the farmer. Joey just smiled.

Then the farmer told Joey that the two gentlemen were Government surveyors, and they wanted to speak to him. At this the members of the 'gang' pricked up their ears. Meanwhile, the surveyors had been walking to and fro on the platform listening to the various remarks of certain members of 'the gang.'

'This is the young man I was telling you about,' said the farmer to the gentlemen as they passed by.

'Oh, indeed,' said one of them; who was the chief, apparently.

'This is Mr. West, the Government surveyor, Joey,' said the farmer.

'Well, my boy, I want you to do a little work for us. We are here to locate a drain about four miles in the country to take the water off the marsh lands down to the river. Now, we will be sending along some gear, stoves, tents, provisions, and so on. We want you to take care of them when they are unloaded from the train and stow them away safely in the shed here. Of course we will pay you,' said Mr. West.

'You had better tell him about the lumber and waggons that will come also,' interposed the other surveyor.

'Oh, yes, we will be sending two or three carloads of lumber and other heavy material. We want you to unload them. Do you think you can manage?'

Joey said he could. The surveyor gave him some money to hire help to unload the cars, the farmer at the same time saying Joey was the only young fellow in the village they could really trust. To all this 'the gang' were silent spectators. The train arrived and went. Joey hurried off home. He heard some remarks from some one behind him about having 'struck a Government job at last,' but he was too excited to heed. He was eager to tell those at home of his streak of luck, as he called it.

In two or three days the freight came on the train to Trenton. Mr. Kendricks was there to help and advise Joey about putting it in the shed. When all was packed away, the father went home, but Joey went to the post-office for the key of the shed to lock all up. While he was away, two or three of the boys went into the shed, and 'just for the fun of the thing' took a package away and hid it. Joey, when he came with the key, saw the package was gone, and seeing some fellows near by, had his suspicions. He went back to the post-master and told him about it.

'Don't say a word about it, lock the door, they will not be able to keep their secret long. They did it to tease you, so just be quiet,' said the pastmaster, knowing the class Joey had to deal with. Joey took his advice.

In a day or two rumors got abroad somehow that a detective was coming to the village to search everybody's house to find the lost package. In little bits the story got out who it was that 'had the joke on Joey,' but now things were becoming serious. The post-master got the culprits together, told them of their danger of arrest, and advised them to return the package to Joey and apologize. They were much alarmed at what they heard, and gladly did as they were told.

The cars loaded with lumber, scrapers, waggons, and other gear came, and while Joey with the two men he had hired, were unloading, Mr. West arrived.

'I see you are doing well,' said he to Joey, who smiled as usual. Seeing some hangers on near by, Mr. West looked towards them and said:

'I understand some folks around here have been interfering with the freight in the shed.'

'The freight is all right now, sir,' said Joey, very respectfully.

'Good job I did not drop on them. I'd make it hot for them,' said Mr. West severely.

'They meant no harm, sir,' answered Joey, smiling.

'Harm or no harm, I don't want any of those fellows near me while I am in this locality,' replied Mr. West.

That evening Mr. West and Joey were planning about the teams to take the stuff to the locality of the drain.

'Now, Joey, remember, I don't want any of those fellows who played that mean trick on you. The postmaster told me all about it to-day,' said the surveyor.

'But, Mr. West,' interposed Mrs. Kendricks, who was sitting near by, 'we ought not to retaliate, and you see, if some of those boys don't get a chance to earn a little something with this Government drain, they will blame Joey and us.'

'That may be so,' said Mr. West.

'I'll fix that, and have the best teams in the village on the spot bright and early in the morning,' said Joey.

'Well, you know best,' answered Mr. West, who saw that Joey knew what he was about.

That evening Joey was busy going from one to another in the village, hiring men and teams. Some were taken by surprise. They had never thought Joey would return good for evil in this style. They were more than surprised at the liberal pay they would get. Some even asked how was the 'boss-man' feeling now about the package taken out of the shed.

'Oh, mother and I fixed that all right,' replied Joey.

The teaming was done so well that Mr. West always after that depended upon Joey to hire the men and teams. And Joey always managed to get village folk the best paying part of the work. Before the season was over, they all had learned to look up to Joey. They had found out

that that quiet smile came from a generous heart and a level head.

The placing of the drain by the Government at Marsh Lands made a large tract of useless country become very valuable. New settlers came in. This helped to build up trade in Trenton, and made of it a very respectable little town. Among the people there no one has prospered better than Joey Kendricks, and in all things pertaining to the welfare of the town—business, school, temperance, and religion—there is no one who wields a better and stronger influence than Joey Kendricks.

The Girl Who Shared.

(Julia H. Johnston, in 'Presbyterian Witness.')

'Dear me! Stopping again! What can be the matter?'

Helen Lee glanced around to see if her fellow passengers were as hot and tired as she. It certainly was a very slow train, stopping at every way-station, and even every blacksmith's shop and corn-crib, Helen thought, and how hot and dusty it was, to be sure. But there were pleasant things to remember. That was a comfort. Helen was returning from an Endeavor Convention which she had enjoyed with all her might. She generally did things with her might.

And now it was past noon, and the tardy train was delaying dinner, and furnishing no opportunity for refreshment, unless one cared for the train-boy's chewing gum and figs.

'I'm growing famished,' thought the young traveller, who had expected to reach home before noon. Then she remembered a packet of wafers in her bag, leftovers which she had happened not to take out. Then she thought that some one else might be as hungry as she. There was the girl in front of her, leaning wearily upon her hand. Helen had seen her in the Convention, and had nodded to her as they entered the car. Now she leaned over and said, 'Won't you share my wafers? We shall not have a chance for any lunch for ever so long. Come and sit here with me, won't you?'

The tired girl gratefully accepted the hearty invitation.

The two ate up the wafers, every crumb, had a little pleasant talk, and in due time parted for change of cars.

The next year Helen again attended the State Convention. In the cloak-room she came face to face with a familiar countenance which she could not match with a name.

The recognition seemed mutual, and Helen said, 'I think I have met you somewhere. Wasn't it last year?'

'Yes,' was the reply, 'I'm the girl you shared your wafers with. Oh, how hungry I was.'

'Oh, I'd forgotten all about that,' said Helen, wrinkling up her forehead in the effort to recall the sharing. She could not do it, but the girl repeated, 'Yes, you shared your wafers with me. I haven't forgotten.'

What a simple little thing it was, to be sure, a positive trifle. Helen would have been ashamed to remember it, but the bit of thoughtfulness along the way was a treasured memory in the heart of the one who shared it.

Such thoughtful, kindly ministries to bodily wants often leave a happy thought behind them. Never let a selfish shyness, or false pride keep you from offering courtesies when opportunity offers. Share things. One memory-book is enough for the record. Part of one's influence is made of such passing trifles, but they all contribute to the growth of character. Kindness becomes spontaneous. It is better to feed a starving soul, a hungry heart, than a famished body. And remember, you may not know just how hungry your next neighbor is before you ask her to 'share.' Afterward she may tell you.

It's His Customer.

A New York merchant called to a little bootblack to give him a shine. The little fellow came rather slowly for one of his guild, and planted his box down under the merchant's foot. Before he could get his brushes out another large boy ran up, and calmly pushing the little one aside, said:

'Here, you go sit down, Jimmy.'

The merchant at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the newcomer to clear out.

'Oh, dat's all right, boss,' was the reply. 'I'm going to do it for him; you see he's been sick in the hospital for more than a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can.'

'Is that so, Jimmy?' asked the merchant, turning to the smaller boy.

'Yes, sir,' wearily answered the boy, and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. 'He does it for me—if you'll let him.'

'Certainly; go ahead;' and as the bootblack plied the brush the merchant plied him with questions. 'You say that all the boys help him in this way?'

'Yes, sir. When they don't get a job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turn in and help him.'

'What percentage do you charge him on each job?'

'Hey?' queried the boy—'I don't know what you mean.'

'I mean what part of the money do you give Jimmy and how much do you keep?'

'I don't keep any; I'm not so mean.'

'You give it all to him?'

'Yes, I do. All the boys give up what they got on his job. I'd like to catch any fellow who'd be mean to a sick boy.'

The shine being completed, the merchant handed the urchin a quarter, saying :

'I guess you are a pretty good fellow, so keep a dime, and give the rest to Jimmy.'

'Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here you be, Jim.'

He threw him the coin and was off like a shot after a customer himself—a veritable rough diamond. There are many such lads, with warm and generous hearts under their ragged coats.—'Presbyterian.'

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

The Old Cooky Woman.

(L. M. Montgomery, in 'Good Cheer.')

Bert Macdonald and Archie Adams were talking together on the Academy campus at Millboro. Ellis Saunders had just gone past with his books under his arm. They watched his straight, well set-up figure down the elm-shaded street.

'What does Ellis mean to do when he graduates?' asked Bert. 'Go to college?'

'No. He is going right to work if he can find anything to do,' answered Archie. 'He has applied for that position in the Steel Manufacturing Company that Jack Wallace had.'

'He hasn't much chance there. Neil Blair is almost sure of that. His father has a "pull," he says.'

'Well, I'm not so sure about that as Neil is. Mr. Burgess is the man who has most to say in the matter, and I've been given to understand that he doesn't altogether favor Neil. Thinks his Academy record isn't just what such a responsible employee's ought to be, I imagine. But there are other applicants, all of them with influence at their backs, and some of them just as competent as Ellis. He hasn't any one to push his claims.'

'Well, Ellis is a fine fellow,' said Bert, heartily, 'and I hope he'll get something else if this goes against him. Burgess is an odd ticket, anyway. They say you never can tell what he's going to do till he does it; but they have great faith in his judgment. I must be off. A fellow musn't waste time with exams only two weeks off.'

Meanwhile, Ellis Saunders had gone to his boarding-house in a brown study. He had been talking to Allan Burgess, the captain of the Academy football team, and Burgess had told him that a match had been arranged between the 'Invincibles' and the Sheffield High School 'Wayfarers,' to be played at Sheffield, fifty miles distant, in a week's time.

'Dr. Whidden has given us a holiday for it, and all the Academy boys must go for the honor of Millboro. We'll have a regular celebration—especially if we wipe the "Wayfarers" out of existence, as we fondly hope to do,' he concluded, with a laugh.

Ellis did not respond as enthusiastically as usual. His face had flushed slightly at the mention of Sheffield, and he listened rather absently to Burgess's details. Just before they parted the latter said:

'You've applied for the position in the steel works, haven't you, Saunders?'

Ellis nodded.

'Thought as much from the questions father has been asking me about you. Was glad my answers could be favorable. Hope you'll get it.'

'I don't expect it in the least,' said Ellis, rather curtly.

Burgess shrugged his shoulders.

'Well, you never can tell. Father's as close as a steel trap. Neil Blair has lots of "pull," and there's a Stanton fellow from Shattuck that father likes. Still, I think you've a good fighting chance, Saunders.'

At first Ellis wondered if he could escape going to the football match. He decided that he could not.

Ellis belonged to Sheffield. Allan Burgess did not know that; not many of the

Academy boys knew it. Indeed, it was surprising how little they did know about Ellis Saunders, in spite of the fact that he had many friends and was one of the most popular boys in school. They could not even have told if he were poor or well off. He dressed neatly, belonged to two or three societies, and always contributed his share to any Academy project.

On the day of the football match the train that left Millboro in the morning was crowded with very hilarious boys. Every academician who could stand on his legs went down to Sheffield, and one or two unfortunate lads who were sick and could not go thought that there was really nothing worth living for.

Ellis Saunders was, perhaps, the only one who did not enjoy himself. He was very quiet and abstracted. His chums concluded he was not feeling well and left him to himself.

When the train reached Sheffield the High School boys were down to receive the 'Invincibles' in state. The two teams greeted each other frantically and then all hurried to the football grounds, for it was almost time for the game to begin.

Sheffield was rather a small village, but there were a great many people in it, judging from the crowd that was around the grounds. Everywhere Ellis encountered faces he knew. He nodded pleasantly and sometimes stopped to speak, but his eyes roved over the scene as if seeking for something else. Presently he gave a little sigh of relief.

'She can't have come,' he thought. 'I suppose I'm a cad to feel relieved. Still —before all those fellows—and Allan Burgess and Nelson Evans, too! I'll go up and see her after the game is over, of course.'

When the match was fairly on even terms Ellis forgot everything else. The Millboro boys ranged themselves on one side and cheered and shouted themselves hoarse. The Sheffield lads did the same on the other side. The contest was long and stubborn, for the 'Invincibles' found the 'Wayfarers' foemen worthy of their steel. But in the end they vindicated their name and the game was theirs with a score of 8 to 5.

When conquerors and conquered left the grounds the excitement rapidly subsided. Ellis found himself next to Mr. Burgess, who had come down to see the game at Allan's request. He shook hands with Ellis in a friendly fashion, looking keenly at the lad from under his bushy eyebrows.

'Pretty well-played game, eh?' he said, good-humoredly.

Ellis nodded enthusiastically.

'The "Invincibles" would look out for that,' he said proudly.

'Well, I'm ravenously hungry,' interjected Nelson Evans, the son of a Millboro millionnaire and the biggest swell, as the boys said, at the Academy. 'Wonder where a humble fellow like myself can get a bite. The "Invincibles" are to be lunched by their friends, the enemy, but we rag-tag and bob-tail must forage for ourselves.'

'Here comes Mother Bunch,' exclaimed Bert Macdonald with a laugh. 'She's got a big basket, and I'll warrant there's something to eat in it. Hurrah!'

Ellis looked in that direction with a face suddenly grown crimson. He knew what he would see—a little, stout old woman in an old-fashioned bonnet and shawl, selling cookies to the crowd as she plodded through it.

For a minute he turned away. All his cronies were there, as well as Allan Burgess, who had come up to speak to his father. For one brief instant Ellis was almost tempted to walk swiftly away. The 'old cooky woman,' as the boys were calling her, had not yet seen him.

'I believe I'll go and invest in some of those cookies myself,' said Mr. Burgess. 'They look good—like the ones my mother used to make when I was a little shaver.'

Suddenly Ellis stepped forward and elbowed his way through the crowd. A flush of shame was on his face, but this time it was of shame at himself. His voice was clear and steady when he reached the old cooky woman's side.

'That basket is too heavy for you, mother,' he said gently. 'Here, let me take it.'

He turned and faced the boys squarely.

'Come on, boys, I'm running this thing now. Mother, you must go and sit down over there by the fountain. I'll sell your cakes for you.'

The old woman, whose tired, lined face had lighted up with love and pride, tried to protest, but Ellis put her aside with a tender smile.

'You're tired out as it is. This is my place. I won't let them cheat you,' he assured her, laughingly.

For a minute there had been an amazed silence around them. Then Neil Blair laughed aloud. Ellis heard and lifted his head a little higher. He did not see the furious look that Allan Burgess flashed at Neil Blair before he turned to him and said:

'Give me half a dozen cookies, Saunders, there's a good fellow. I'm so ravenous I can't wait until I get to the spread that the "Wayfarers" have for us. Thank you.'

As Allan moved away, munching his purchase, the other boys crowded around again and bought their cookies. Ellis passed out cakes and changed quarters with his usual easy manner. In a few minutes the basket was empty, and he turned to the little woman by the fountain.

'Come now, mother, we'll go home. I want to spend the rest of my time here with you. You'll excuse me, won't you, boys?'

'Oh, certainly,' said Neil Bail, with a faint sneer in his tones. But Nelson Evans walked up to Mrs. Saunders and held out his hand.

'I want to shake hands with the mother of the smartest boy at Millboro Academy,' he said, heartily. 'He's going to carry off all the honors, and we're proud of him for it, Mrs. Saunders. He's my especial crony, and I'm glad to meet his mother.'

Mrs. Saunders's face flushed with pride.

'Thank you,' she said. 'Ellis is a good boy, and always was. I'm glad to think he's a bit clever, too, and that his classmates like him.'

When Ellis and his mother had gone the other boys hurried off in various directions, and Mr. Burgess, who had been a spectator of the whole affair, found himself alone. He nodded his head several times in a peculiar way. Any one of his business acquaintances, seeing that, would have said:

'Burgess has made up his mind about something.'

The Millboro boys on the train that evening were even more hilarious than in the morning, if that were possible. One or two of Ellis Saunders' former friends avoided him significantly, but the others made no difference, and Ellis understood that most of his friends were worth having. For the first time since he had left the little bakery in Sheffield two years before he was rid of a vague feeling that he was sailing under false colors. He had never before been able to quite free himself of the belief, snobbish though he knew it to be, that if the Academy boys knew of that bakery and the queer, plain little woman who tended it, they would look down on him.

A week later Ellis Saunders was notified that the Steel Manufacturing Company had accepted his application for the vacant position and would expect him to begin work immediately after his graduation. Allan Burgess met him the same afternoon on the campus.

'Congratulations, Saunders. Father has informed me that they've taken you in Wallace's place. Good for you!'

'It is good for me,' said Ellis, frankly. 'But I don't understand how I came to get it. That man from Shattuck now—and Neil Blair.'

'Neil Blair's chances fizzled out finally the football day,' answered Burgess, with his characteristic shrug, 'and by the same token yours went up. Father took a fancy to you that day—said you were a man after his own heart. When he came home from Sheffield you had as good as got the place then. And look here, Ellis, will you ask your mother for her recipe for those cookies? I never tasted such delicious ones, and father says so, too. My mother never can make good cookies, bless her, but she says she'll try to learn if yours will give the recipe.'

'I can give it to you myself,' said Ellis, with a laugh, 'for I've helped mother to make them hundreds of times.'

Boys Who Win.

A former Duke of Argyle, walking in his garden, saw a copy of Newton's 'Principia' on the grass, and, supposing that it had been taken from his library, called to someone to carry it back. Edmund Stone, however, the gardener's son, claimed it. 'Yours?' asked the surprised nobleman, 'Do you understand geometry, Latin, and Newton?' 'I know a little of them,' replied Edmund. The Duke asked how he came to know these things. 'A servant taught me to read, ten years since,' answered Stone. He went on to say that since then he had learned arithmetic, geometry, Latin, and French, without any help, ending with, 'It seems to me that we may learn everything when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet.' Here is an example for the boys of the present day: let them follow it!

Autumn Offers.

See the special autumn offers announced in this issue. The boys and girls have the opportunity of securing a premium and at the same time extend the usefulness of the 'Messenger' by circulating it among their friends.

A Knight of Avenue A.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in the 'Christian Herald.')

Avenue A is a neighborhood where boys abound, and they have no play-place but the street. As many of the lads go to work as soon as the law will allow, the evening is their especial playtime, and, boys being only men in miniature, fighting and wars are often a part of their fiercely enjoyed recreation. The gangs of fellows from one block or another are organized loosely yet firmly under able leaders, and, on occasion, they meet and make night hideous by their howls and cries, and the furious clash of their violent onset.

When the ladies from a region far away uptown invaded the avenue, hired a house and set up a home in the very midst of the most crowded neighborhood, the residents already on the spot were puzzled. What did these newcomers mean? Why had they forsaken their natural and appropriate environment for quarters that must seem strange and comfortless? The mothers all held aloof, the young girls were at first shy, and the children hung round the door, like birds looking for crumbs, who would take wing and scurry off at a hint of further acquaintance. But the ladies had a piano, a harp and a mandolin, and, evening after evening, there was sweet music in their home. The doors flew open at the most timid touch, and the welcome was so cordial that the ice of avenue A was soon melted, as snow melts in a January thaw.

The girls and young women were won before the boys, more cautious, and less disposed to seek indoor ease and instruction in the classes and clubs that the Settlement initiated, came asking for admission. After a while, however, there were petitions from the boys, and they were drawn into the light, warmth and gladness of evenings with men and women who cared for them, young men from colleges, who understood boy nature, having added their skilled assistance, when Boys' Clubs were formed. The avenue gangs worked harmoniously enough when mustered into civic and patriotic associations, in which they studied, discussed problems, and occasionally had a supper, called in boy parlance 'a feed,' together.

Rudolph Goldstein was a low-browed, dark-eyed, shrewd-looking youth of sixteen, a youth of excellent natural abilities and absolutely no advantages. He had lived in a rear tenement, in a cellar-basement, flooded in the spring rains, cold in the zero winters, and stifling in the summer heats, all his life, and he was one of thirteen children. The poverty of his home was something the workers at the Settlement could not gauge; but they could and did estimate rightly, before very long, the strong character of Rudolph. He was full of gentle intuitions, and there was a vein of poetry in his soul. Not an unworthy member was Rudolph of that mighty race which produces poets, musicians, bankers, and statesmen, and which once had among its people a shepherd-boy who killed a lion and a bear when they attacked his flock, and whose psalms are sung to-day in every Christian assemblage.

Rudolph admired all the women who took a hand in helping along the clubs, and in making good men of the boys who joined them. But most of all he revered two—the Little Old Lady, and the Lame Princess. These two did not live in the Settlement itself, but they often visited it. The Little Old Lady had white hair, and soft, shining black eyes. She wore furs that wrapped her from head to feet, and she always arrived in a carriage with a coachman and a footman on the box. The Lame Princess was a golden-haired child with a crutch, and she was always with the Little Old Lady, whom she called grandmother. Rudolph had never seen any one so beautiful as this child, yet he held in even closer fondness the dear elderly woman, who was so genial, so courteous, and so wise. For generations, old women had been deferred to, and obeyed in Oriental countries, and Rudolph, a Jewish boy living in Avenue A, New York, was, in every fibre of his nature, a son of the Orient.

There was peace for a long time between the rival factions that had once made the avenue a scene of wild conflict night after night. But finally, a reaction set in. Some of the more restless spirits wearied of the evening study. A snow-storm brought a chance for sport such as city boys prize. There was ice enough in some places for long and delightfully perilous sliding. With scouts stationed at the corners to give timely warning of 'Cheese it, cop, cop,' if a stout policeman loomed alarmingly on the horizon, the fellows had some grand times sliding, and indulged in snowball fights which were most exciting. This was all right until the old enmity awoke between the Fifteenth and Fourteenth street gangs, and the snow-fights became deadly battles, in which each group grew angry and tried to do real harm to the other.

Rudolph, as leader of the Fifteenth street force, felt the joy of battle, and, for a while, forgot the pleasure of the warm room, the wide tables, and the bright lights of the club. 'Aw, now!' he said, 'a fellow must have some fun,' when his mother remonstrated. She, poor woman, knew what the good ladies were doing for her boys and girls, and prized the evening learning, as a stepping-stone that well might enable them to climb out of the basement one of these days, to a first or second floor tenement. The father was growing old and stooped over his tailoring. Rudolph was in a big store downtown. He, at least, would not have to sit cross-legged with a needle in his hand all his days.

The firm that employed Rudolph had promoted him twice since he had been under the influence of the Settlement, each time increasing his pay. And one of his employers had recently presented the boy with a garment of which his mother was very proud. A long, perfectly whole, and very nice rain-coat, which Rudolph wore over a red sweater, which the Little Old Lady had given him for Christmas. The Lame Princess had given him red mittens, but these reposed, as a rule, in Rudolph's pocket. His hands could bear a good deal of cold without flinching.

Well, the battles of the gangs were at their height, when a thaw dropped upon the city as stealthily and suddenly as a thief in the night. The streets were rivers of slush, the gutters were abyssmal, the sidewalks were a horror. As for the boys, they declared a truce, and went back in a body to the Settlement, where the forgiving ladies received them with kindness, crullers, and hot coffee.

On the second night of the thaw, when the slush had partially yielded, who should take it into her head to visit the clubs but the little old lady? And the Lame Princess too, of course. The woodenly carved coachman and footman had their own opinion of such folly, but did not express it. And in the carriage, under the warm robes, with their feet on a heater, and every luxury around them, the two visitors—both child and grandmother—were as cozy as in their own home.

When they arrived at the Settlement, there was a difficulty unexpected and distressing. The carriage could not get quite close to the pavement, owing to debris and heaped up snow, and the pavement was evidently freezing over. The footman lifted the Lame Princess in his arms and carried her in bodily, but no footman could presume thus to convey the Little Old Lady.

At this moment Rudolph appeared on the scene, with his crowd of followers. At one glance he seized the situation. 'Come on, fellows!' he shouted, 'and bring your shinny sticks!' These were conveniently kept in the lower hall of the Settlement. With a yell of joy, which made the Little Old Lady laugh till the tears ran down her cheeks, the lads with the shinny sticks cleared a place for the carriage to approach close to the sidewalk; then off came Rudolph's splendid rain-coat, and down it went on the slippery pavement, that the Little Old Lady might walk over it in safety to the steps. Never had Rudolph heard of Queen Elizabeth or Sir Walter Raleigh, but Sir Walter's hero-heart was his, and he performed a knightly act for the lady he adored.

A few years hence, and Rudolph and his comrades will be boys no longer. They will be men and citizens, taking their own share in the government of our great republic. They are wide-awake, energetic, and capable fellows, inured to hardship and open to whatever influence is strongest in their lives. Shall it be the saloon? Shall it be the Settlement? The Little Old Lady and the Lame Princess, and the young people from the colleges and universities, and some of the good men and women who sit in the pews every Sunday, are doing what they can for Rudolph and his friends. Nobody, even if he dwell remote from the big town, can afford to be indifferent to what is accomplished in the tenement districts, for New York is the heart, and the outlying suburbs are the extremities. And as the heart-throbs beat, so the extremities are healthful or feeble. One gallant deed of courtesy to womanhood one knightly 'devoir' gladly paid, is a pledge of the future which is worth something to us all. God bless the fellows who are growing up in Avenue A, and enrol them in his own great army!

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

A Dissertation on Reading.

('Epworth Herald.')

In common with our denizens of a great city, I spend much time in journeying back and forth in street-cars, and when I am not absorbed in my own thoughts I frequently make some interesting studies in human nature.

The other morning two girl companions sat next to me. One was of the silent sort, but perhaps it was because she could not help it, for the one nearest me possessed enough loquacity for half a dozen. She just opened her mouth and the talk trickled—soft, silly, inconsequential. But that is the text for the lesson.

She had a good-sized novel in her lap, and I first noticed her saying:

'Oh, that's a book I got out of our new club library. Say, it's just the greatest thing! It's just been started, and it's a "new novel" library. Everybody pays so much to belong, and the librarian buys all the new novels just as they come out.

'What's this? Oh, it's (——). Just out. There isn't much to it. Some city people went out into the country to live—little love story runs through it. They're all like that, you know.

'Last week I had '——'. One of those historical novels, you know. Just love, war and murder. They're all full of such horrid things. I get dreadfully tired of them sometimes.'

'What do you read them for?' queried the other.

'Oh, my! I couldn't think of missing a new book. Besides, I'd die if I didn't read all the time.'

'Well, I don't get time to read much,' replied the other. 'The last book I read was "—," and I liked it very much.'

'Oh, my!' commented Miss Loquacity, 'that's old. Must have been out a year. I read it, but don't remember what it was about.

'Well,' she continued with a silly little laugh, 'I don't read as much myself as I used to. I never read more than two or three books a week now, and I have quite a little spare time at the office. When I was going to high school I used to read two or three books a day. Or, rather, I raced through them, for I never had more than a confused idea of what they were about. I take things slower now. Why, I used to sleep with a novel under my pillow, and pull it out, at the first streak of day, and read an hour or two before my breakfast!

'But here is State street. I hope the boss won't have many letters for me to-day. I want to finish this book.'

That girl's flippant idiocy actually made me gasp! Was she a freak, or one of a class—and a large one at that? Is that the reason why high school graduates have so little practical knowledge? Why, one dear girl graduate I know asked me what was a half million! When I told her that it was 500,000 she said she thought so, but wasn't sure.

I wonder how many of the girls who read this page belong in this category? How many gorge themselves on trashy literature as this pretty young Chicago stenographer does?

Let me beg of you, Don't!

I know that 'reading makes a full man.' The anaconda is full after it has swallowed an ox; too full, in fact, for sense or motion till the meal has been digested. Now, the poor human brain whose convolutions have been gorged with trashy-printed matter is in just about the stupid condition of the aforesaid anaconda.

There are several things in the world as important as reading. Two of them are observation and thinking. Eyes used constantly in reading cannot observe man and nature. The gorged brain cannot think.

The printing-press is a great blessing; but like all blessings, carries a corresponding curse. The world is absolutely surfeited with printed matter. There is no limit to worthless novels, cheap magazines and trashy newspapers. Dear girls, beware of becoming the slave of the reading habit. Set bounds and limits to it. Choose only good books, read them attentively, and think about them carefully after you have read them. A good rule is the commendation of a famous author: 'Spend a quarter of an hour in reading, and three-quarters of an hour in thinking over what you have read.'

Knowledge that was Power.

In one of the great squares of Saint Petersburg stand a magnificent column one hundred and fifty feet in height, erected to commemorate the reign of the tsar, Alexander the First, the ally and afterwards the rival of Napoleon. On the occasion of a public celebration, the present tsar wished to have the great shaft illuminated, and round lamps of an enormous size were ordered from a leading glass manufacturer. An exchange tells the story:

After two or three experiments the workmen discovered to their consternation that it seemed impossible to blow bulbs so large by the force of human breath. The blowers blew till they were utterly exhausted, but the bulbs remained far below the required size.

A handsome prize was offered to the first successful blower, and the men renewed their efforts, but to no purpose. At last a big fellow, shaped like a barrel, stepped forward and quietly remarked that he was sure he could do the trick. The crowd laughed good humoredly, but the man just merely said:

'I want to rinse my mouth; it's dry.'

They gave him a cup of water. He rinsed his mouth, taking plenty of time, and then applied his lips to the tube. Slowly and steadily the ball of hollow glass grew. Soon it reached the dimensions of its nearest rival. Then it became bigger, bigger, until it approached the required size. Then it attained it. Then it passed it.

'Stop, stop.' cried the crowd. 'It's getting too big.'

The man repeated his feat until the required number of bulbs were blown.

'How did you do it?' asked the foreman.

'Where's my money?' said the man, by way of reply.

When he felt the rubles in his palm, an expression of genial satisfaction overspread his rough features.

'Why, it's easy!' said he, and then he explained how he had retained some of the water in his mouth, how he had gradually blown it into the molten ball, and how the expanding steam had instantly come to his assistance.—'C. E. World.'

A Big Cat Drove the Burglars

An old lady living alone in a large and dreary house in the western suburbs of Denver, Col., told the neighbors of an attempt to burglarize her house, and the marvellous manner in which the attempt was thwarted. She is well known to have considerable money, as the income from her property exceeded her expenses; and as she has a horror of banks it is the general impression that she keeps the money about the house. She is quite alone, except for a servant woman who comes in the morning and does the work, returning to her home at night. She is always followed by an enormous cat, brindle and white, rejoicing in the name of Dot. He weighs at least sixteen pounds, and attracts a great deal of attention an account of his size, but allows no one to touch him but his mistress.

On several occasions when dogs have strayed into the premises Dot has sent them howling from the premises. 'Last Wednesday night,' she says, 'I wasn't feeling well, and went to bed as soon as the servant left. I sleep upstairs in the south room. Before going to bed I went all around below stairs and fastened every door and window, just as I always do. Dot was sleeping on my bed, just as he always has done all his life. In the night I was awakened by a sudden motion he made, and found when I put my hand on him he had raised his head and was listening, trembling all over, he was so nervous. I thought he heard a rat and was about to go to sleep again when he sprang to his feet and stood beside me, growling very low. Then I listened, and distinctly heard footsteps creeping on the stairs. I was so frightened that a smothering sensation came over me. In all the years I had lived there alone such a thing had never happened. I could hear the footsteps come up to the top of the stairs, and then a hand went feeling along the wall for the door of my room. Directly he found the door, and then the hand went feeling for the latch, and having found it, turned it, and the door opened. I knew well enough what was going on, but I could not move or even scream. I just lay there as though I were dead. I heard the feet begin to move slowly across the floor towards my bed, and soon he was touching the bed. Just at that moment Dot made an awful leap, and I am sure he must have landed square on the man's head, for of all the wild yells that ever came from a mortal throat that was the worst. "Dick! Dick! come an' help! something's got me!" he screamed, and ran for the door. Dot jumped off, but the man must have been blinded with blood, for he missed his footing at the top and fell down the whole flight of stairs. At the bottom Dot pounced on him again, and when his comrade ran to his assistance Dot gave him a taste, and I heard him swear that the whole top of his head was torn off. They went out by the cellar window. I don't know how they found out how everything in the house was situated, and I don't believe they will try it again.'—'Young Soldier.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

A Wheelbarrow Ride.

'Oh, grandma, isn't it too bad it rains? This is the day Grace Allen gives her party. She is twelve years old to-day.'

'Are you going?' questioned grandma, over her knitting.

'Of course. Mother has telephoned for a hack to take Harry and me.'

'It seems to me that children nowadays must feel as if they were living in fairy-land, their wants are so quickly satisfied. When I was a girl of your age I was going to a party one rainy-day and the only way I could get there was in a wheelbarrow.'

'Tell us about it, do, grandma?' exclaimed May and Harry.

'Well, in those days we could not "telephone for a hack," for there were neither hacks nor telephones. True, father owned a horse and chaise; so did our neighbors, the Prescotts, whose daughter Bessie was going to the party, too. Our horse was away, so mother dressed me up and sent me across the street to go with Bessie. I remember I had my best pantalets, and a cotton-flannel petticoat under my nice one, because that held the starch; and the servant girl, taking pride in having me in fashion, had made it as stiff as a board, to hold my dress out all around. That was just before hoops came in.

'I found Bessie in trouble, for her father was away with their horse, and we could not walk the half-mile to the house where the party was to be without getting wet to the skin, for there were no waterproofs in those days.

'At last we thought of the wheelbarrow, and asked the amiable hired-man if he would wheel us there. He good naturedly said yes and that he did not mind a wetting; so, after Mrs. Prescott had lined the barrow with an old quilt, so that we would not soil our clothes, in we got, a large shawl over our shoulders and an umbrella that Bessie and I had great fun holding over our heads in the wind. How we did laugh and scream when the wind blew it backward and the rain dashed in our faces, making us gasp for breath at times.

'I have travelled a great deal since then, but I have never enjoyed a ride so much as that ride in the wheelbarrow, though when we reached the house the rain had taken the starch from our petticoats and we were a sight to behold. Though we were so limp and starchless, we were not wet, and the party was no less a success.' —'The Youth's Companion.'

Reading Letters

Aunt Mary laid down the last sheet of the letter she had just received, and pushed her spectacles to the top of her forehead.

'If there is such a thing on the face of the earth,' she declared, in the deliberate accents of extreme exasperation, 'as a woman who can read a letter properly, I'd be willing to travel a hundred miles to see her!'

Aunt Mary's niece gazed at her in astonishment not unmingled with disapproval; such wholesale condemnation seemed to leave small loophole for escape.

'What "do" you mean, Aunt Mary?' she exclaimed.

Aunt Mary smiled grimly.

'I mean what I said,' she returned. 'For instance, there's Anne Putnam. Her hands are about as full as they can be, and I wrote her I could just as well as not make up two or three dresses for little Annie if she'd send me arm and skirt measurements. Here's her letter. She's as grateful as she can be, and she's sent a package of cloth, but there isn't a word of the measurements from beginning to end. I shall have to write again and wait till I hear, or else make the things up by guess.

'Then there was Jane Cortwell's last letter. There's some excuse for Anne, for she's worked to death, but Jane hasn't anything to do. That's what ails her, I believe, though she calls it nerves. Well, as I was saying, I wrote Jane to send me a line by return mail telling me how Sam Potter's wife was. She had to go to the hospital, you know, and I thought maybe a letter would please her—if she came through all right. You wouldn't think anybody would overlook a thing like that, would you? But Jane wrote six pages and never even mentioned the Potters.

'And 'tisn't only things like that; that might be carelessness in the answering, not the reading. But I remember when somebody made us all fly round because a friend was coming that day until, happening to glance at the letter a second time, she discovered that she had misread the date—she wasn't coming for a week. And I remember—'

But Rosamund interrupted. Her pretty face was flushed and her voice full of distress.

'Don't, aunty, please! I hadn't realized before. I'm so ashamed.'

Aunt Mary looked at her and her frown melted. 'There,' she declared, 'the sermon's over! I won't say a word more. That is,' she added, cautiously, 'I won't till I get another letter.'—'Youth's Companion.'

A Hawk Outwitted by Pigeons

A flock of pigeons were one day cut off from their cote, by a large hawk. The pigeons knew instinctively that if the hawk once got above them, one, at least, of their number would go to make the hawk a meal; and so, up they flew in circles, perhaps hoping to go higher than the hawk. In the rising game they were no match for the hawk. The latter kept under the pigeons, and leisurely followed their laborious movements. Then came a curious and unexpected sight. When they appeared to be about the size of sparrows, every pigeon closed its wings and dropped past the hawk, at a terrific rate. That astonished the hawk. It actually dodged the dropping birds, and missed half-a-dozen wingstrokes before it got in full chase of them. When it arrived at the barn-yard, not a pigeon was in sight—some were in the cote, some in the porch, two in the well-house, and one was in the kitchen. The hawk had been outwitted completely. —'Sunday Friend.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance

'In the Country.'

(Eugene Field.)

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring, nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

Not real stillness, but just the trees'
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees,
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or katydid
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,
Or just some such sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell
I'd like a city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust
And get out where the sky is blue;
And say, now, how does it seem to you?

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So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Oct. 31, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The United States Press on the Alaskan Award—N. Y. 'Sun,' the 'Independent,' 'Commercial Advertiser.'
Extracts from Mr. Chamberlain's Glasgow Speech—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Criticism of the Speech—Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Greenock Speech—The 'Times,' London.
Mr. Chamberlain's Campaign—The 'Times,' London.
Fiscal Policy Abroad—The 'Times,' London.
An English Economist on Mr. Chamberlain's Fight—Manchester 'Guardian.'
Extracts from the Speech of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer—English Papers.
Comment in France—New York 'Evening Post.'
'Unconventional Biographies'—'Punch,' London.
The Russian and Japanese Fleets Compared—New York 'Evening News.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Song of Waiting—Poem, by E. C.
Astora—Poem, by Joseph Russell Taylor.
When Acorns Fall—Poem, by Alfred Austin.
First Glimpses of the Life of Gladstone, by John Morley—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
W. E. H. Lecky—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Lost Whistler—The 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Mr. Barrie's New Play—The 'Academy and Literature.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

British Association at Southport—The 'Times,' London.
Santos-Dumont's Airships to be Used by the French War Department—'Scientific American.'
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LITTLE FOLKS

A Wild Indian.

When I was a very little girl I lived with Grandpa and Grandma Smith, in a little log-house, in the wild woods.

One evening grandma and I sat on the doorstep waiting for grandpa to come home. He was off in the forest chopping down trees.

It was almost sunset when some one walked out from the trees and stood before us. Was it grandpa? Oh, dear, no; it was a big, tall Indian, with his blanket wrapped around him, and moccasins on his feet.

He had a bundle of willow twigs in his arm.

Grandma turned very white, and

trembled, while I clung to her, too frightened to cry. We had never before seen 'a wild Indian.'

He looked at us very solemnly for a moment, and said, 'You frightened? Me no hurt.'

Then he told grandma that he had broken his knife cutting the willow twigs to make baskets; and he asked her to give him an old knife.

She went into the house and brought him out an old knife and a bowl of sweet milk.

He drank the milk; then took the knife, examined it, and stuck it into his belt.

He then looked at us and said, "You good woman. You kind to poor Indian. Indian never forget.' And he turned away, and went off into the woods.

When grandpa came home, he told us that there was an Indian village about seven miles back in the forest. The Indians made baskets, and took them to town to sell or trade for other things. He thought this must have been one of them.

We often saw Indians after that, but we were not afraid of them.

Long after, when I was about eight years old, an Indian basket-pedler came to our house. Grandma bought a basket from him, but when she offered him the pay for it, he would not take it.

'No, no,' he said; 'one day a long time ago you gave an Indian a knife, and milk to drink when he was tired. He told you the Indian never forgets. Here is this basket for the little girl. She was a baby then.' And he gave me the loveliest little basket you ever saw; I have kept it ever since.—'Our Little Ones.'

A Bunch of Hollyhocks.

(Mary Joanna Porter, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

Grandma Byrnes lived in a small unpainted house by the roadside. Behind it rose abruptly a rocky hill and beside it was a narrow strip of land cultivated as a vegetable garden. This was the whole of the Byrnes estate—a humble bit of property indeed.

Yet here Grandma Byrnes had spent many years (of both happiness and sorrow). She had gone to it a bride, fond and proud of her husband, although he was only a day laborer. She was glad to do the work of the house while he delved in the soil and when her little Clara came to increase her cares and her joys, she was a proud and happy mother.

Contentment reigned in the cottage, for the peace of God filled the hearts of both mother and father. Clara grew up and married and left home, and after a few years died, leaving three little girls whose father was supposed to have been lost at sea.

'We must take care of the children,' said Mrs. Byrnes to her 'man,' as she called her husband, and he answered, 'Yes.' There was no hesitation in the matter. The children came to the little house by the roadside and thereafter it was their home. Grandpa Byrnes indeed worked a little harder and his wife saved a trifle more carefully, but the children never knew it, for they were not allowed to feel that they were in any wise a burden.

One sad day saw the grandfather overcome by heat and taken from them at a blow. Then they began to realize how much he had done for them. Mrs. Byrnes showed a brave, determined spirit. She would take in washing; she would go out by the day; she would do any honest work in order to keep the family together.

The girls, Delia, Rosa and Clara, were by this time grown large enough to help. They carried baskets of clothes back and forth! they picked berries in the season; they sometimes cared for young children out of school hours, so that in these and other ways they were able to add to the scant family store. Few wants though they had, it was difficult to supply them.

Still they had been taught the duty of gratitude, and having food and raiment they were therewith content. Cheerfulness was the rule in the tiny cottage. The girls attended the district school and were fortunate in having a good teacher who took charge of them for years.

From her they obtained a fair knowledge of what are called the English branches. They went to church and Sunday-school also. Thus they were being well trained in spite of their poverty.

One day when Delia, the oldest, was about fourteen, Rosa, twelve, and Clara, ten, they were surprised by a call from a lady whom they had often seen in church, but who had never spoken to them.

'I'm sure you can't guess, Mrs. Byrnes, what I've come for,' said she. 'I've just decided to form a Mission Band, and I've come to ask your granddaughters to join it. The reason why I've never done this before is because I have not thought much about missions until lately. Perhaps you remember that a few weeks ago our minister preached a missionary sermon. Well, I've thought and thought over it since, and now I want to try to help a little. It seems to me that the best way to help is to interest the young folks, so that is what I want to do. Will you let the girls come to the meetings ?'

'I'll be glad to have them go, Mrs. Blair, and learn something about the Lord's work in other places, but I'm afraid it's very little they'll be able to give. We haven't much money, you know.'

'Oh, no matter about that. We won't ask them to give much, but every cent helps. The best we can any of us do is to give what we can. If we all do that, the cause of missions will prosper.'

So the three girls joined the Mission Band and soon they were among the most interested members. They worked for it, and planned for it and did whatever they could to help in the various meetings. They learned also to lay aside something from their small savings in order to make their regular contributions.

One day there came a special call for aid in fitting out a missionary, who was about to leave home for a foreign land, and the three sisters, after consultation with their grandmother, promised to give one dollar. That may seem a small sum to the reader of this story, but it meant considerable to those poor girls.

By dint of close saving they had after a while seventy-five cents together, and then Delia declared that she didn't see how they were to get the rest. 'We can't give what we don't have,' said she, 'and we haven't either of us one cent more. If we had we ought to keep it towards a pair of new shoes for Clara. Her feet are almost on the ground. How can we afford to give away a dollar ?'

While Delia was making these discouraging remarks, she and her sisters were seated on the small porch by the side of the house. Their grandmother was in the garden examining the prospect for more vegetables. It was the hour of sunset and they were all resting after the day's work.

Suddenly a carriage drawn by two fine black horses stopped before the gate. On either side of this narrow entrance were rows of brilliant hollyhocks, the only ornamental things in sight.

'Will you sell me some of your flowers?' called a voice from the carriage

None of the girls replied directly, but Rosa called, 'Grandma, Grandma!'

No need to call again. The old woman, in calico gown and gingham sun-bonnet, came running as fast as her aged limbs would bear her. A carriage at her gate ? What could it mean?

'Will you sell me some of your hollyhocks?' asked the lady again.

'Yes, yes,' answered Grandma Byrnes in a voice which denoted her readiness to effect a sale.

'Then please give me twenty-five cents worth. Your flowers are so pretty that I want to paint a picture of some of them.'

The grandmother produced a pair of shears from somewhere with incredible swiftness, and without more ado began making a generous bunch of flowers.

'Don't cut more than you feel like sparing,' remonstrated the lady.

'Oh, they come up by themselves every year, I don't mind cutting them.'

Snip, snip, went on the shears until the seller was at length satisfied that she was giving the lady her money's worth.

The flowers faded before the next morning. It was impossible to paint a picture of them. But how was it about the sum which had been paid in their purchase ?

Grandma Byrnes stepped up to the porch and exhibited the silver quarter. 'Here girls,' said she, 'I reckon this is about what you need to finish up your missionary contribution, isn't it ?'

'Oh, grandma! are you really going to let us have it? How good you are!' And 'grandma' was presently in danger of being smothered by the arms which, regardless of the sun-bonnet, were thrown about her neck.

'Wasn't it strange,' said Delia, 'that that lady should have come just when we wanted twenty-five cents so much ?'

'I don't think it was very strange,' said her grandmother, 'the manna came to the children of Israel just as they needed it day by day. We're the Lord's children too, and He knows our needs just as He did theirs. I reckon He sent that carriage.'

How Did Jim Know ?

For several years my early morning walk lay through the first block of West Fifty-seventh street, where I used regularly to meet a milkman delivering milk. He would take from his waggon a rack containing several bottles and go from house to house, while his old gray horse walked sedately on alone.

One morning as I was passing the pair midway the block the man said to his horse:

'Go on Jim, and turn at No. 7.'

I watched with interest. Jim did go on until exactly opposite No. 7. Then he carefully turned and walked back to his master—or shall I say his comrade ?—'Our Animal Friends.'

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LESSON VIII.—NOV. 22.

The Curse of Strong Drink.

Proverbs xx., 1; xxiii., 20, 21, 29-35.

Golden Text.

Wine is a mocker. Proverbs xx., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, Nov. 16.—Prov. xx., 1; xxiii., 20, 21, 29-35.
Tuesday, Nov. 17.—Ps. i.
Wednesday, Nov. 18.—Is. v., 11-23.
Thursday, Nov. 19.—Eph. v., 6-20.
Friday, Nov. 20.—Gal. v., 16-26.
Saturday, Nov. 21.—Dan. i., 3-16.
Sunday, Nov. 22.—I. Cor. iii., 9-23.

1. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

20. Be not among winebibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh:

21. For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

29. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

30. They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

31. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

32. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

33. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things.

34. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast.

35. They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTIOIN.

Why do we have so many temperance lessons, so many temperance organizations and so much temperance agitation? There is just one answer. There is so much drink. As long as the evil continues there will be forces of righteousness to oppose it. Those who are openly on the side of drink, who are indifferent, or who are impatient and irritated by the continual and persistent temperance agitation, cannot hope that it will cease until the matter is settled right. If disease is present in the system, whether we neglect it or not, we cannot have health and comfort until it is eradicated. As has been said, 'The only solution of the saloon problem is no saloon.'

Not only are large movements against the liquor business, such as the Anti-Saloon League, deserving of support, but an important part of the whole work is the saving of individuals. There are two ways of doing this: 1. Training the young to let drink alone, and, 2. Rescuing those who have become victims of the habit. The first is the most profitable and the best way, the second must be used where the first has been neglected or has failed. The best time to save a man from drink is before he has ever tasted the first glass.

The present lesson seems to apply more especially to those who have not as yet become slaves to the habit. Drink has ever been a curse of the race, and so we find this Old Testament writer setting forth its dangers. Old as this lesson is, how vividly it describes the conditions we see today!

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verse 1. 'Wine is a mocker.' There are three ways in which wine mocks the drinker. 1. It does not satisfy. Men will drink vastly more liquor in a day than they would want of water, because alcohol only increases the thirst, while water itself quenches it. 2. It mocks by exciting the mind until it is full of all sorts of foolish and vain notions. 3. It ruins the life, and at the end gives nothing but a dreary, empty past, a miserable present, and a dark and hopeless future.

'Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.' One of the ways by which young men are trapped by an evil habit is the feeling that it is an evidence of manly independence, of smartness, to dabble with some form of sin. They like to shock good people a little by their attitude on moral questions, and so they cultivate some such custom as drinking until they continue it for its own sake. There is nothing much more disgusting to a practical, sensible person than the sight of such a would-be man a little under the influence of the liquor that finds its way naturally to his empty head. Such, putting it mildly, are 'not wise.'

21. 'For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.' Such a statement is, unfortunately, verified to-day in almost every community. The future years of the man who commences to drink when young are far from promising. In a sense he mortgages his chances of health, success, and usefulness in later years when he commences to cultivate intemperate habits. Someone has said with force that habits of dissipation in early life are like notes, which come due in after years—and must be paid. The wise young fellow will look into the future and will not compromize himself by any such weights and hindrances.

29, 30. 'Who hath woe?' Verse 29, in a series of short, pointed questions, calls up to mind the picture of the average poor sot, always in trouble and of a wretched appearance because of drink. With this lesson before them one would suppose that men would take warning, but they do not, for each trusts in his own will, either ignorant or forgetful of the fact that drink weakens the very will they rely on to save them. Verse 30 answers verse 29.

31-35. 'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.' Here is an admonition, and then follow additional warnings as to the results that come from drinking.

'At the last it biteth like a serpent.' There is a poison in drink that acts slowly but surely, upon the system, until it is wrecked. 'Thine eyes shall behold strange things' (as the Revised Version has it.) This is probably a reference to the delirium of the drunkard, when his vision is so distorted that he sees frightful shapes in place of the familiar and the harmless objects about him.

'As he that lieth down in the midst of the sea.' The recklessness of the drunkard is notorious. He is here compared to a man who would lie carelessly down on the deck of a tossing vessel, or even on the mast. He ignores all efforts to rouse him from his dangerous condition, feeling not the blows of those who strike him for his own good.

'I will seek it yet again.' He comes out of one debauch only to go into another. This comes to be his life. What wise man, seeing these things and hearing these warnings, would tamper with such danger?

Not only does the above counsel apply to individuals but to nations as well. England is waking to the fact that it is the drink evil among her working men, as much as anything, that is preventing her from keeping pace with America in manufacturing. In Germany, also, alarming facts have been brought in light relative to intemperance in the army and among the people generally, and now, it is said, the Emperor is determined that drinking in the army shall cease. America will do well to watch the course of the older nations with respect to this question.

Next week the lesson is, David's Charge to Solomon.' I. Chronicle xxviii., 1-10.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Nov. 22.—Topic—What are you thankful for? Ps. xxxiii., 1-22. (Thanksgiving.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

HOW TO PRAISE GOD.

Monday, Nov. 16.—For temporal blessings. Ps. cvii., 31, 35-38.
Tuesday, Nov. 17.—For personal blessings. Ps. cxvi., 12-14.
Wednesday, Nov. 18.—For national blessings. II. Sam. vii., 24.
Thursday, Nov. 19.—For spiritual blessings. Eph. i., 3.
Friday, Nov. 20.—With the voice. Ps. xxvi., 7.
Saturday, Nov. 21.—With the heart. Ps. cxxxviii., 1.
Sunday, Nov. 22.—Topic—How to praise God. Ps. cxlv., 1-21. (Thanksgiving service.)

How to Get Material for a Lesson.

(Prof. Gagger, in the 'Evangel.')

My first definite suggestion to the seeker for lesson material is, know your wants. As a boy I walked two miles to a store to purchase an article for my mother, and when I got there forgot what I wanted. Make yourself reasonably familiar with the text of the lesson. Do this even as early as the preceding Sunday. Then ask these verses: 'What definite lessons have you for my scholars?' Note the answers that the verses give, leaving a blank space in your note-book under each topic; then you are ready to start in pursuit of material.

It has been said that an hour of solitude passed in earnest prayer, will do more to awaken thought and form the habit of reflection than a year at the schools without prayer. Luther said: 'To pray well is to study well.' Therefore, before beginning your search, do not fail to seek the help and guidance of the Head Master of your school.

One of the greatest temptations that comes to a young teacher is the natural tendency to seek unusual and remarkable events and experiences. A study of Jesus' talks and sermons reveals the fact that he took hold of the most commonplace objects and events to make plain his teachings. Teachers often feel that they have failed in their preparation if they have not succeeded in getting some unique incident, when their highest success may lie in the absence of the peculiar.

As I write, before me is a bird's nest, whose construction I have watched from the day when the happy pair, after much discussion, decided upon the location of their summer home. Guided by unerring instinct, they proceeded to collect the necessary materials. Rather large rough sticks were brought for a foundation, and so twisted together that no ordinary action of wind or weather could separate them; then smaller and more pliable twigs; then dried grass and horse-hair, until upon the rough and strong foundation rested a bed of down in which the tiny featherless creation just emerging from the shell would find life pleasant.

Is there not here food for thought? Is it not the highest ambition of the teacher to make the lesson a nest in which life shall be forgotten? Then do not begin by gathering the down of tender sentiment, but rather rugged, strong facts and doctrines. Your nest needs a foundation that can stand the stress of moral storms. But, while this is remembered, strive to avoid the other mistake of neglecting to line the nest with down.

Laying aside the figure, first get facts, Bible incidents and incidents in the life of your own day and neighborhood that make clear the doctrines and truths suggested by the verses of the lesson. Then call upon experience and observation to furnish that which will reach the heart.

Why He Didn't Get Out.

(Elizabeth Allan, in 'Morning Star.')

Bert and his father turned down a side street in the village of Lorton to get home a little sooner, for there was a promise of rain in the sky. As they passed Jonas Bowman's half tumbled-down cottage, two bare-headed children burst out of the door with a frightened look on their faces.

'Where are you going?' Mr. Rosewell asked; 'don't you see it's going to rain?'

'Father's come home drunk, an' he's awful cross when he's that-a-way.'

'Poor children! poor children!' said Mr. Rosewell. Then presently he said, 'Poor Jonas!'

'I don't see why you pity Jonas, father,' said Bert, hotly, for his heart swelled out with indignation at the pitiful sight of Lou and her little brother. 'I don't pity him one bit. Why doesn't he stop his drinking?'

'Don't you know why he doesn't stop?'

'No, sir; do you? He just doesn't want to.'

'That's far from being the reason. He wants to stop, but—wait until to-morrow, Bert—no, I believe I'll show you right now, while you are interested in it, for I want you to remember all your life why Jonas doesn't stop drinking. Never you mind about the rain.'

Mr. Rosewell quickened his steps, and, to Bert's surprise, they stopped at the county jail. 'I would like to speak to Jim Dowd,' said Mr. Rosewell, and the warden took them along a narrow, dark passage, and unlocked a cell door. Evidently it was not the first time Mr. Rosewell had visited this prisoner, and the dejected-looking man seemed glad to see him.

'Jim,' he said, after a little talk about the village matters. 'I have brought my little boy here to ask you a question. I hope you'll not think he is jeering at you, for, indeed, it is a very important thing that he should get his question answered.'

'Ask, away, child,' said the prisoner; 'and as for fun, if you can get any out of me, you're welcome.'

But Bert was dumb with uncomfortable surprise.

'He wants to know, Jim,' said Mr. Rosewell, 'why you don't come out of this disagreeable place; he thinks you are very foolish to stay here; he proposes that you come and walk with us, and enjoy the sight of God's green world. Please tell him why you don't do this.'

Mr. Rosewell's manner was so grave and earnest, and the boy himself looked so puzzled, that the prisoner saw there was some meaning in this strange question. He got up and went to his barred window. 'Try those,' he said to Bert, significantly, and Bert laid a rather trembling hand on the cold, inexorable iron.

'Now try my door,' said the prisoner, and Bert found that he might as well beat his fist against the grim stone wall as to hope to move that solid door a hair's breadth. Jim Dowd looked at Mr. Rosewell.

'Thank you, Jim,' he said; 'that was just the answer I wanted you to give. Now you will be doing me a kindness if you will tell this son of mine if there is anything harder to break out of than these stone walls.'

'There certainly is,' answered the prisoner, gloomily. 'You know yourself, sir, how hard I tried to break off from drinking; but I might just as well have tried to break those iron bars, or make a hole in that door, as to stop the habit. It had me bound, hand and foot, and that's why I am here to-day.'

Mr. Rosewell got up and shook hands with Jim.

'Thank you very much,' he said again. 'I hope my boy will remember this as long as he lives, and for yourself, my friend, remember that with God all things are possible. He let Peter out of a prison as strong as this; and he has helped many a man to stop drinking. Will you try his help, Jim?'

'Thank you, sir,' said the poor man, very huskily, and his visitors went away.

'Now you know, Bert,' said his father, 'why poor Jonas does not stop drinking. He is in a cruel jail, fast bound by the drink habit.'

The Spectre in the Highlands

(Edward Garrett, Author of 'A Nine Days' Wonder,' etc.)

I'm sitting at a farmhouse door
  Above the banks of rushing Spey,
Around me rise the purple hills
  In golden lights of closing day:
I hear the cattle's sleepy low,—
  I watch the home-bound laborer pass:
And at my feet a happy child
  Is playing in the daisied grass.

The white walls of a little town
  Below me in the vale I see,
Its houses clustered round its church,
  As children round a mother's knee.
And 'tis the hour when lovers meet
  To whisper in the shadowy lane,
While all around on every side,
  Stretch fields of waving golden grain.

It is a scene of simple peace—
  Fit background for sweet, wholesome lives,
For honored age and blooming youth,
  For household rule of cherished wives:
The very graves about the church
  Seem only soft and pleasant beds
Where, after long and happy years
  Tired folks may gladly lay their heads.

Yet what is it that bids me dream
  Of a dread city's sullen roar:
Where starving little children watch
  In terror by a swinging door,
Whence brutal shouts and laughter come,
  And change, as fateful passions rise,
Into the yell of frenzied men,
  Or wretched women's frantic cries?

And all around, dark alleys wind,
  A household in each noisome room;
With shapes of misery and shame,
  Crouching and wallowing in the gloom.
While lean old men and puny babes
  Crawl out to gaze with hungry eye
On loathely morsels—all too dear!—
  Which in the filthy shambles lie.

And here and there, in chambers vile
  Are red stains never made by dirt,
Stains marking where some tortured life
  From drunken hands got deadly hurt.
While on discolored walls are stuck
  Rough pictures of the murderer's face;
And festive neighbors gloat upon
  The horrors of the hideous place.

O why upon my shrinking mind
  Do all these awful visions rise,
While scenes of silent loveliness
  Are stretching far before my eyes?
It is because these golden fields
  That wave around the gray church spire,
Are changed by Mammon's cruel hands
  From food to a consuming fire!

For Mammon reaps this ripened crop
  In pile on pile of russet grain,
And spells are worked till it becomes
  A tyrant's ruler of man's brain;
Till hearts grow hard, till hands grow cruel,
  Till all of good is trampled down—
These golden fields of barley build
  The guilty taverns of the town!

The thirteen saloonkeepers of Ottawa, O., frightened by the many local option elections in the state, have formed an organization to enforce obedience to all ordinances and laws regarding liquor selling, with the hope of averting a local option campaign in that place. But '13' is an unlucky number.

Fruit vs. Alcohol.

(The 'Daily Express.')

'The more fruit you eat the less alcohol you crave.' Such is a recent scientific theory.

In the first place, the amount of water in fruit is considerable. In water melons it is no less than 95 percent, in grapes 80 percent, in oranges 86 percent, in lemons 90 percent, in peaches 88 percent, in apples 82 percent, in pears 84 percent, in plums 80 percent, in strawberries 90 percent, not a fruit in the whole category containing less than 80 percent.

The irresistible conclusion, considering these facts, is that fruit plays an important role in diet as a thirst quencher.

Certainly when fruits are freely represented in the diet, less fluid requires to be consumed; and fruits would appear to be endowed with a subtle inimitable flavor, which is ample inducement to imbibe fluid in this most wholesome form. The question so prominent in most people's thoughts as to what to drink might, therefore, on sound physiological reasoning, be answered, eat sound, ripe, juicy fruit.

It is noticeable that as fruit enters into the diet the indulgence in alcoholic drinks is undoubtedly very much diminished.

The flavoring of fruits, although of little nutritive value, are undoubted stimulants to the appetite, and aids to digestion. The marked anti-scorbutic properties of fresh fruit, due to the vegetable acids and their salts in the juice, are of great importance. For the most part these acids are combined with potash, and hence a free diet of fruit preserves a healthy alkaline condition of the blood, and there is consequently a reduced tendency to the depositing of acids in the tissues.

A Man is Known by the Company he Keeps.

The infection of bad company may be found described in many of Shakespeare's plays, and in 'Henry IV.' it is very tersely placed before us.

'It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught as men take diseases one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company.'

And also in 'Julius Caesar,' Act 1, Scene 2.

Thou art noble; yet I see
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it may be disposed, therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes,
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

There is wise advice in 'Troilus and Cressida,' Act 2, Scene 1.

'Keep where there is wits stirring, and leave the faction of fools.'

In 'King Henry IV.' Shakespeare places in a fresh setting the first verse of the 13th chapter of Ecclesiasticus.

'He that touches pitch shall be defiled therewith, and he that hath fellowship with a proud man shall be like unto him.' For Sir John Falstaff says to the Prince:

'There is a thing, Harry, which those have often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch; this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest.'—Sir William Baileis.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send eight new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' for remainder of 1903 at ten cents each, or four new subscriptions at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Correspondence

FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

Who was told several times to 'be strong and of a good courage?' What else do you know about this man?

FOR TEXT HUNTERS.

'Be not weary in well doing.' This text occurs in a little book of three chapters in the New Testament. Can you find it, Tinies?

PROMISE CORNER.

Of whom does the Psalmist say—'The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble?' Give the next two verses.—Ed.

Echo Vale.

Dear Editor,—I saw in one of the 'Messengers' that you wanted those whose birthdays were in November to write. My birthday is on Nov. 3, and I have a niece a year older than myself, whose birthday is on Nov. 7. KATIE B. MacD.

Clearwater.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell you as much as I know about Manitoba, for I have only been here a year. We live seven miles from our nearest village, but we will soon be just three from a village. The prairie is very yellow with grass in the summer, but in the spring it is very green and beautiful. The geese are very plentiful now. We have had two this year, and they were very nice. There are lots of gophers out here, and we have lots of fun catching them. I caught one myself. I petted it and it soon became quite tame. In the winter it is fine to go across the ice for there is a lake near where I live. I went in the winter and caught seven fish. My father has a boat, but someone has taken it away. I have three very nice story books I like better than my others, 'Pussy's Party,' 'Merry Times' and 'Child's Life of Christ.' Wishing you good success, OLIVE G.

Regina, Assa., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl six years old. My birthday is on Oct. 6. Mamma made me a birthday cake on my birthday. My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like the stories in it very much. They are building a railway near our schoolhouse. This is my first writing with pen and ink. EDITH EMILY S.

War Eagle, W. Va.

Dear Editor,—We are Canadians living down here in West Virginia. Last winter, when we were visiting our friends in Hamilton, Ont., Aunt Carrie subscribed for the 'Messenger' for my brother, and we all enjoy it very much. We just came here to live last January, and do not like living among the mountains as well as in a more level country. A year ago this summer we stayed at our grandfather's home in Alameda, N.W.T. We had a fine time there, and we went to school all through the summer. It is just about a year since we left there, and we have not gone to school one day since. They are just building a school-house here, and we expect to be going to school very soon again. All the pets we have is a kitten named Friskie. I am ten years old, and my birthday is on December 6.

LILLIAS HELEN M.

Blackwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I saw an item in your paper asking all girls and boys whose birthdays are in October or November to write to you, I thought I would, as mine is on Oct. 29. I have a twin brother named Charles, and a sister older than us, and whose name is Maggie. I live on a fruit and vegetable farm, which runs right out to Lake Huron. The fishermen have their nets along the shore, and a tug comes out from Sarnia and buys their fish from them. Sarnia is quite a large town, about six miles from here. It has grown a great deal in the last year, because there have been two large saw mills built on the bay. I always like to read the correspondence in your paper, which we get in our Sunday-school. I wish the 'Messenger' great success. ADDISON C. W.

Eden, Man.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to you. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I like it very much. The story that was published a few months ago, 'A Fight Against Odds,' was a very interesting story, I thought. My birthday is on May 23. MABEL S.

Blackwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—A little while ago I saw a letter from a girl in California, asking to know something about Ontario. We live on a farm which is on Lake Huron. We have a nice climate here, though it is not as warm as yours in California. In the winter we have ice banks of from five to fifty feet high. Although the lake is all frozen over most of the time, yet a wind comes up and breaks the ice, which then freezes again, leaving it very rough. Because of that, we have not much skating on it. The snow is sometimes up to your boot-tops, deeper in the drifts, but not so deep on the hills. Most of our skating is on ponds and drains.

In summer our temperature is not below sixty degrees. This summer it has been very cool here. Being near Lake Huron, we often have north winds here and have to be prepared for them.

We have very different crops here to what you have in California. We have lots of apples, but no oranges or bananas. I wish I had some of your fruits, gladly exchanging some apples. Here oranges and lemons are dear, while apples are only about forty cents a bushel.

I am a book lover, and am glad to have quite a few to read. Among them I have read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'John Halifax,' 'Broken Shackles,' 'Sweetest Stories ever Told,' 'Black Beauty,' 'What Can She do,' 'Women's Friendship,' 'Jessica's First Prayer,' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' and now I am reading the 'Life of Bishop Taylor,' written by himself.

We get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, and I like to read it. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success, and hoping to see my letter in print, M. E. W.

Campbelton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My birthday comes on the thirtieth of this month, and I will be eleven years old. I started to school a year ago last Easter, and have been in the fourth book since the holidays. I am going to try the entrance next July. We have a library in our school, and I have read 'In Memoriam,' 'The Red Man's Revenge,' 'Adventures of a Brownie,' 'The Island Queen,' and I am now reading 'A Child's History of England.' Campbelton consists of a post-office and general store combined, but it is large enough to be a bother to the mail. Letters come here that belong to Campbelton, N.B.

Our school is on another corner of the same farm that the post-office is on, and the farm is owned by Mr. Campbell, of course, and belonged to his father before him. A creek starts back of the school and gets to be a deep gully before it reaches the River Thames, about two miles away. The river is about thirty feet across in summer, and in some places you can walk across, the water not being up to your knees. It is very hilly along the river, and a great many creeks flow into it. Most of those creeks are dry all the summer. Springs and spring creeks are scarce around here. Farmers scrape large ponds or dig large wells and cisterns that will hold a supply for man and beast during the summer. If all seasons were like the last two, we would need no wells at all. The country here was well wooded fifty years ago, but now all the best timber is gone, and each farm of one hundred acres would average no more than ten acres of fire-wood, beech, maple and elm. The soil is mostly clay, and we raise very good crops. We also raise cattle, sheep and hogs. We are mostly Scotch Presbyterians, and our brick church built eight years ago, and costing seven thousand dollars, and our brick manse, built two years ago beside the church, are very fine.

We were at a picnic at Gilbert's Grove on the bank of the river the first of July. We had a piper band from Toronto (I am sure some of them were not Scotch, the were too spindle-legged), and two dancers, besides singing. After we had our supper we hurried home, and just got to the house as the wind, rain and thunder came on furiously—the ending of many a picnic. I have one brother and three sisters, and three cats that I cannot catch. That is the kind of cats I like, and not those that lie in your bed and eat the edge off your pie. We have taken the 'Messenger' seven years now, and mamma used to take it when she was a girl. J. D. McP.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Autumnal Blooming of Sarah Kent

(Henry Burns Geer, in 'The American Mother.')

John Kent looked across the smoking breakfast to his wife at the other end, and his face wore a troubled look. They had been married a quarter of a century, and they had lived happily—with the exception of an occasional jar—all that time. John was not rich, neither was he a successful merchant; he was one of thousands of others known as 'a good provider' and a fairly successful man,—a salaried man with methodical business habits, one of the kind that wears the harness till he or it wears out.

He spent from eight to twelve hours a day at the office; the remainder of the twenty-four he usually spent at home. He had no bad habits, and seldom left his home of an evening. He loved his wife and children, and in the earlier days of their married life he had been proud of the fresh, sweet beauty of his earthly partner. And now, when he happened to glance at her across the breakfast table, and note the tired, careworn expression, the slight wrinkles about the eyes, and some stray, straight locks that were tinged with gray, he was troubled.

'Mamma, don't you think that a nice little frill cap for morning wear would be pretty for you?'

'Mamma's hair used to be prettier than any cap,' spoke up Frank, the only son, a youth of fifteen summers.

'Why, papa,' exclaimed Mrs. Kent, 'I might dress my hair properly if I had more time of a morning. We were late this morning, you know, and I hurried down to get breakfast in time.'

At that moment the notes of the piano in the parlor were heard in a lively 'ragtime' piece, as the mother got up from the table to ring the breakfast bell for the second time. There were no servants—that is, no hired servants—in the Kent household. The family consisted of father, mother, two daughters, and one son. The latter was the junior of one sister and the senior of the other.

The second ringing of the bell brought Miss Katie, the eldest daughter, in from the front porch, book in hand, followed by Jennie, the youngest child of the family, who had been exercising the piano.

John Kent finished his breakfast in silence, and later went to the office, thinking. And the more he thought, the more he felt that he had neglected his duty to his family. He had provided, but he had supervised only in a general way. The head of the house had been remiss in his duty, and the household affairs had gone wrong.

He kept thinking of something he had read once which had said that, 'A woman is governed by her heart, but a man gov-

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erns with his head.' And he had not governed at all. And all that time his wife, the sharer of his joys and sorrows, had let her woman's heart and her love for him and their children, make her more and more of a household drudge and servant to them all. And now her youthful beauty was waning, the happy light fading from her eyes, and the gray stealing into her locks.

In his business he had men under him—men who obeyed his orders cheerfully, and yet respected him. He was not, then, devoid of the capacity to control others firmly but kindly. He had simply taken too much for granted at home, and thus neglected his duties there.

When he started for home that night, his resolution was complete. There was a purpose in his heart. He would take full charge of his domestic affairs, and see if he could not improve matters. So that night at supper he put on his cheeriest manner, as he said:—

'Katie, you and I will get breakfast in the morning, and let mamma see how it goes to come down to a breakfast she has not cooked.'

'Why, papa,' exclaimed Miss Katie, in surprise.

'Well, I declare, John, what possesses you?' said the mother, with a pleased look on her face, nevertheless.

'Just a little home-made holiday for you, mamma, that's all.' Then he added, with a smile, 'Katie can cook a little, and she and I together will make a good team. We will let Frank and Jennie straighten up the house, while mother gives orders.'

This caused a general laugh, and somehow, John Kent felt that he was nearer the hearts of his children that evening than he had been in ten years.

The next morning Katie needed no second calling to bring her downstairs, and she entered into the breakfast preparations with a zest and spirit that so pleased her father that he whispered to her: 'The laborer is worthy of his hire—you remember the hat with the red and gold trimmings, eh?'

'O papa,' laughed Katie, with her eyes dancing a happy light.

In due time the meal was prepared, and Katie proudly rang the breakfast bell.

'Just as I thought,' mused John to himself, 'the children are all right, only their mother has been too slack with them; she'd rather take two steps herself than to ask them to take one—that is what is wearing on her so.'

'Look at mamma,' cried Jennie, when they were seated at the breakfast table.

And, indeed, it was well worth while to look; for that morning 'mamma' looked more like the pretty Sarah Lasley that John Kent had courted so hard to win,—more so than she had in fifteen years. Her quick female instinct had divined her husband's purpose in the new regulation of domestic affairs, and she had said to herself that she would not disappoint him, if it lay in her power to gratify his wishes. So, when she rose that morning, and heard him and Katie downstairs busy about the breakfast, she smiled, as she proceeded so leisurely to dress. She robed herself in one of her prettiest morning wrappers, and spent much time in the preparation of her hair.

'I declare, I feel like a girl,' she said, half aloud, as she responded to the call to breakfast. Jennie's remark confused her, and she actually blushed as her eyes met the happy gaze of her husband.

As for John, he felt that he had made a good start, and accomplished much, and he resolved to keep up the new order of things, so happily begun. He went to his office that morning with a brighter face than he had worn for many a day.

His sense of justice made him keep his faith with the children, and he made them feel that they were earning all the additional favors shown them and the many nice little things that he brought home to them. He proved to be a good manager of domestic affairs, and gradually the mother was duly installed as queen and mistress of the household with three loyal children,—all of whom were ever ready to do her bidding. Then the bloom came back to her cheeks, and the happy sparkle to her eyes. The gray in the hair kept on apace, but it was ever well-dressed and pleasing to look upon; and as Sarah Kent rounded out her fifth decade, there was much in her face and her happy manner to remind one of the blooming lass of nineteen years, who, as Sarah Lasley, had linked her fortune for life with that of John Kent.

And when a little golden-haired grandchild came, and the grandmother would press the little chubby face against her own, Frank would say:—

'Mamma, you don't look like a grandma; you look as young as sister Kate.'

AUTUMN OFFERS

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A Plea for the Village Improvement Society

It is the easiest thing in the world to get a village improvement society started in almost any community if one earnest, enthusiastic person will take the matter in hand. This is especially the case at the present time, for enough of the work of such societies can be seen on all sides to convince any thoughtful person of the benefit growing out of them. It needs someone for a leader who is what we Westerners call a 'hustler'—a person who has the knack of organizing and directing individual effort in such a manner as to make it available and effective. If there is such a person in the community, and he—or she—has the amount of enthusiasm necessary to arouse public interest and create or stimulate a desire for beauty in everyday, practical life, there is no good reason why a local improvement society should not be organized in any community—there is nearly always need for it. Recognize this need fully and bring it to the attention of others, then go to work at once in the formation of your society. Do not wait for next spring or next fall, but begin your work now, for there is always something that can be done, and there is no reason for deferring action to a special season or until such action may seem timely. All times, all seasons are alike to such a society, whose work must go on during the entire year. Therefore get down to business as soon as possible, be the time spring or summer, fall or winter. If you cannot work to advantage, you can plan for work, and a good plan to follow always enables a society to dispose of its work to the greatest advantage when working-time comes.

If you organize a village improvement society be sure to include the women in it, and give them an opportunity to carry out some of their ideas. A woman has a keen eye for the beautiful, and her knowledge of color-combinations will be of great benefit in the arrangement of flowering plants. But her usefulness will not be confined to the aesthetic features of the undertaking. Women can be as practical as men are. In Green Bay, Wisconsin, certain lines of street work have been put into the hands of a committee of prominent women with most satisfactory results. They not only plan, and plan wisely, but they execute, and execute thoroughly.

It is a most excellent plan to interest the children in this work also. They will bring a great deal of enthusiasm to the performance of their share of it, and take pride in living up to the responsibilities placed upon them. It will be good training for them. Bear in mind this fact—that the greatest measure of success is almost always the result of the widest, hear-

tiest co-operation. Get everybody interested, if possible, and keep them interested by giving them something to do. Make active members of everyone in the organization.—Eben E. Rexford, in 'Lippincott's Magazine.'

Selected Recipes

Creamed Dried Beef.—Creamed dried beef is a simple dish, yet it is often badly prepared. The beef should be looked over, the rind and fat removed and the slices broken into smaller pieces; unless it is but slightly corned it is then to be placed in the frying-pan, covered with cold water, heated to the scalding point and drained. One tablespoonful of butter is added to it, and, when melted, one tablespoonful of flour is dredged in and stirred until absorbed. To this is added one-half of a pint of milk and the contents of the pan are stirred until the sauce is smooth and thick. A little pepper is stirred in, salt if necessary, and five minutes' simmering makes it ready to serve.

Ginger Snaps.—Two eggs, two cups of molasses, one cup of white sugar, one teaspoon of ginger, two teaspoons of soda, one tablespoon of vinegar. Heat the molasses scalding hot, and pour over the eggs and sugar previously beaten together, stirring thoroughly, then add soda dissolved in a little water, then the vinegar; no salt. Flour to roll hard; don't bake hard. These ginger snaps are soft and nice for children, and are not expensive, as there is no butter or shortening of any kind in them.

Brown Bread.—Two and a half cupfuls of sour milk, half a cupful of molasses, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of yellow corn-meal, one cupful of graham flour. Steam three hours, in one large can or in one-pound baking powder cans.—Selected.

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We trust you with 6 large beautifully colored pictures each 16x22 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ Before Pilate," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money and for your trouble we will send you a beautiful **Enamelled Watch**, with handsome silver nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich, brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and thoroughly reliable Watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece. T. F. Dunber, Renfrew, Ont., said: "I received my watch all O.K., and sold it for $6.00 as soon as I got it. Thomas Best, Black River, Nfld., said: "Many thanks for the Watch. I am delighted with it. It is a daisy and keeps splendid time. All my friends think it is just grand." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the pictures postpaid. To everyone who purchases a picture from you we will give a 50c. certificate free. **THE HOME ART CO., Dept. 469 Toronto.**

32 FUR CAPERINES FREE

These Caperines cost us $3.75 and we sold them all last winter for $4.75 each. They are made of fine quality, glossy black Alaska Seal, with 5-in. storm collar, **furon both sides** and 10-in. cape warmly padded, well lined and ornamented with 6 long full tails. Out of several hundreds of these elegant Caperines we have only 32 left, and as we wish to clear them out at once we have decided to give them away **absolutely free** for selling only **1 doz.** of our large beautifully colored Pictures, 16x20 inches, named, "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record" and "Rock of Ages," at 25c. each (every purchaser gets a Certificate free). These Pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. Our agents are delighted with them. They sell so easily. This is a great chance for any lady or girl to get a magnificent warm Fur Caperine for the winter. Remember, there are only 32, so send for the Pictures at once or you will be too late. **Home Supply Co., Dept. 486 Toronto.**

Earn This Watch

with polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless wind, imported works, by selling at 10c. each only **15 Glass Pens.** These pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the pens postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **Pen Co.,** Dept. 468 Toronto.

FREE MAGIC LANTERN

Just send us your name and address on a Post Card, and we will mail you postpaid, 5 large beautifully colored pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are beautifully finished in 12 different colors, and are well worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c. each, and give a free certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser, return us the money and we will immediately send you this large, well made, finely finished Lantern, with 3 fine focusing lenses, an excellent reflector, and a large lamp which shows a strong, clear, white light, reproducing the pictures in a clear, distinct form on the sheet. With the Lantern we also send 12 beautifully colored slides illustrating about 72 different views, such as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Clown's performances, etc., etc., and full directions. Address, The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 476 Toronto.

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

for selling at 15c. each, only 10 25c. Canadian Home Cook Books, all nicely printed, beautifully bound and each one containing 739 choice Receipts. A Certificate worth 50c. given free with each Book. This handsome Watch has polished silver nickel case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and imported Swiss movement. Ralph Lamb, Chapleau, Ont., writes: "I am very proud of my beautiful watch, I would not trade with my father. I sold the Cook Books easily after school." Write us today and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 483 TORONTO.**

FREE !

Ladies and Girls, You Can Earn This

Handsome Fur Scarf

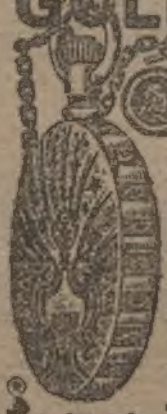
In a Few Minutes

SEND your name and address, and we will mail you post paid **8 large beautifully-colored Pictures 16 x 20** inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to Thy Cross I Cling," to sell at 25c. each. We also give a 50c. certificate free to each purchaser. These pictures are handsomely finished in **12 colors**, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. each. Every one you offer them to will buy one or more. When sold send us the money, and we will send you this

HANDSOME FUR SCARF

Over 40 inches long, 5 inches wide, made from selected full-furred skins with six fine full black tails, the very latest style. We know you will be more than pleased with it. Miss J. Boekers, Rossenberg, Can., said: "I write to thank you for the handsome fur scarf. It is just beautiful. I could not buy one like it in our store for $3.00." The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $10.00 Fur Scarf. We could not think of giving them for so little, were it not that we had a great number made specially for us during the summer when the furriers were not busy. Ladies and girls, take advantage of this chance and write for the pictures to-day. We guarantee to treat you right, and will allow you to keep out money to pay your postage, so that your Fur Scarf **will not cost you one cent.** Address **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dep. 484 Toronto.**

GOLD WATCH & DOUBLE CHAIN, FREE



We give this handsome richly engraved Gold finished Watch with reliable American movement, together with an Elegant Gold Finished Double Vest Chain and Cameo Charm free for selling only **10** large beautifully colored Pictures 16 x 20 inches, named "The Family Record," "The Angel's Whisper," and "Rock of Ages" at 25c. each. (A Certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) These Pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 different colors, and are fully worth 50c. Send name and address today and we will mail Pictures postpaid. **We trust you.** When sold return money and we will send the **Watch**, also chain and charm. **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 445 TORONTO**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Wouldn't you like to have one? "My Engine can run **6 to 8 spools** and I am delighted with it. All the boys want to buy it, but I wouldn't sell it for $1.00." That is what Alf. Dural, Bracebridge, Ont., said, and we have dozens of other letters praising this big, powerful Engine. It stands 11 inches high and is strongly made of steel with polished brass boiler, safety valve, whistle, steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head, connecting rod and crank shaft with fly wheel attached, so that you can run all kinds of Toy Machinery. Just the machine to delight every boy's heart, and all you have to do to get it is to sell only 5 of our large beautifully colored pictures named "The Angel's Whisper," "Simply to the Cross I Cling," and the "Family Record." These pictures are all beautifully finished in **12 colors** and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. You sell them for only 25c., and give each purchaser a 50c. certificate **free**, return us the money and we will immediately forward the Engine. Remember it is **all free.** We allow you to keep our money to pay your postage. Write us for Pictures to-day. Address **THE COLONIAL ART CO., DEPT. 480 Toronto**

$5.00 VIOLIN FREE

We trust you with **7** large beautifully colored pictures, each **16 x 22** inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ Before Pilate," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for only 25c. each, return us the money, and we will immediately send you this **powerful sweet toned Violin**, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings. You could not buy this Violin in any store for less than $5.00, and we give it to you absolutely free for selling only 7 Pictures at 25c. each. N. McKenzie, Whitewood, B.C., said: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." Mrs. Wm. Yorke, Two Islands, N.B., says: "I am perfectly delighted with my Violin. I was offered $5.00 for it the day I received it." We have only a limited number of these special Violins on hand. Don't put off writing until they are all gone, but let us hear from you at once. Everyone who purchases a picture from you gets a certificate worth 50c. free. **The Home Art Co.,** Dept. 470 Toronto

ENAMELLED WATCH FREE.

Boys, we will give this handsome Stem-wind Watch, fitted with good American works, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and seconds hands, and solid silver nickel case on which a Stag is beautifully enamelled in natural colors, if you will sell for us only 8 large beautifully colored pictures **16 x 20** inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to the Cross I Cling." Each picture is handsomely finished in 12 colors and fully worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c. (give each purchaser a 50c. certificate free), return us the money and we will send you this elegantly enamelled watch free. Write us at once and we will send you the Pictures postpaid. **The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 469 Toronto, Ont.**

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

for selling at 25c. each only **6** large beautifully colored Pictures 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages," all handsomely finished in 12 colors and fully worth 50c. A Certificate worth 50c. will be given free with each picture. This handsome Watch has polished silver nickel case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and imported Swiss movement. Ralph Lamb, Chapleau, Ont., writes: "I am very proud of my beautiful watch and would not trade with my father. Boys, write us to-day and we will send you the Pictures to sell. **THE COLONIAL ART CO., DEPT. 468 TORONTO**

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 10c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.

LADY'S ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

for selling only 10 large, beautifully Colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to the Cross I Cling," at 25 cents each. Every purchaser gets a 50c. certificate free. These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. This dainty and reliable Lady's Watch has Gold hands, fancy dial, is stem wind and set, with jewelled movement and solid silver nickel case with roses and leaves beautifully enamelled in natural colors. Agnes Patterson, Nanaimo, B.C., writes: "I am delighted to get such a surprise. It was always my ambition to have a watch, but such a little beauty as you sent me took us all by storm. All my companions are going to earn a watch like mine." We want every girl and lady who has not a watch already to write for the Pictures at once. Address, **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 479 Toronto.**

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